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## NOW



There's but one word upon the face of Time—  
That word is "Now."

Heed it before you hear Life's evening chime  
Your head to bow.

"Now" is the crisis of man's circumstances—  
His life, his all:

The trial of his fortitude—his chances  
To rise or fall.

The column waits, the old flag floats on high—  
But soon the sun

Will count a day lost and in sadness sigh,  
"No battle won!"

The potter's clay is in thy hands to mould  
An angel's face—

Why leave it idly, to turn crude and cold  
And lose its grace?

Great Now, while yet we sing, you glide away  
In mystic air,

Out from the sunshine of the glad to-day  
On, on to where?

To-morrow, youth's bright harbinger, still thrives—  
'Twill never be:

If man should have a hundred thousand lives,  
He'd find in thee

The power that made the lily first disclose  
Her wealth of white—

The corner-stone from which Time's Temple rose—  
The source of might.

—A. to Th.